

The she said, Oh! but doctor my house would not be clean,
There would be dust on all my carpets,
why they wouldn't be fit to be seen;
You must tell me something else, for I cannot do that you see,
All the work that is done in the house depends entirely on me.
The doctor thought a moment and then made this reply,
"Well, madam, there's just one thing to do then, it's go to bed and die."
Before we criticize a neighbor's house, let's be sure that we are right,
And that we'd do her work far better if we had her battles to fight,
If we cannot take her place and do her work, let's look after our own backyard,
Our lives won't be any happier by making some one else's life hard,
It would always be far better to let other's affairs alone.
Dare you ask of some one else's child what you've never asked of your own?
There's another thing I would mention, it's the giving up some of our joys
To knit and sew for our soldiers, though they are some one else's boys,
If our loved ones who are with us have good socks or none at all,
Let's be loyal to our country for fear the old flag fall,
Our men folk ought to be willing that we of our time should give,
For while other men are fighting, they with their families may live,
If there's nothing else to do then, rake over your neighbor, but we'll surely prosecute
Anyone who says a word against our "Woman's Institute."

Hope's Quiet Hour

The Conqueror of Death.

Our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.—2 Tim. 1:10.

High-seeming Death, I dare thee! and have hope
In God's good time, of showing to thy face
An unscouring spirit, which sublime
May cast away the low anxieties
That wait upon the flesh—the reptile moods;
And enter that Eternity to come,
Where live the dead, and only Death shall die.

E. B. BROWNING.

In these days the words of the prophet Jeremiah are being fulfilled: "Death is come up into our windows, and is entered into our palaces, to cut off the children from without, and the young men from the streets." It is not the old or the sick only who are facing the great enemy. In all ages many men have serenely and peacefully waited for the death angel, as they "sloped into the station" after the long and weary journey through this wilderness of sin. Death comes as a friend to the aged and the suffering; and very often they watch eagerly for his coming as for a great release.

But now Death is looking through the windows of cottage and palace. The children, playing in the streets, are struck down by a bolt from the blue; and young men by thousands are marching through the gates of death into the mystery which lies beyond.

The hosts of death seem to have broken loose from all control and no family feels safe from bad news. Almost every day we see some well known name in the papers, reported as "missing", or "killed in action".

Then we look at our text which declares that our Saviour Jesus Christ, has "abolished death". What a tremendous statement! Did St. Paul mean what he said? Is it true?

He certainly did not mean that he expected to pass out of this state of existence by any other than the usual way—unless Christ should return first. But he expected to pass the gates of death as a conqueror, not as a captive, in the train of the Lord of Life. It was his hope and his expectation too, that with all boldness, as always, Christ might be magnified in his body, whether by his life or his death. The great

Apostle, who lived in and for Christ, welcomed death as "great gain." He was not afraid to die, because he knew that the gates of death opened into the paradise (the park) of his loved Master. The sting of death was gone, for Christ had paid the price of sin and set the repentant sinner free.

And so we, who have enlisted in the army of the King, are called to look death in the face unafraid. A soldier is ashamed to be afraid. A Britisher who is a coward knows that his fears bring dishonor on the Empire. For the honor of the flag he must conquer his fear. And so must we.

When we allow ourselves to grow anxious and troubled for fear of evil tidings from the battle-front, we are proving that we have no real faith in Him who is the King of all nations and Conqueror of death. If we have no faith in His love and power let us openly acknowledge it; but, if we claim to be Christians, we must try to trust our Leader. When fears crowd in upon the loving heart of a mother or a wife they should be taken straight to Him who has conquered death and they should be left with Him.

If the anxiety should be changed into certainty, and heartbreaking sorrow should take the place of anxiety, remember that Christ has abolished death and brought life and immortality into full view. Of course, there must be deep sorrow in a home when the message comes that a loved member of the family has passed through the gates. But a Christian should never speak or think

changed the temporary life for the eternal life. . . with a last smile as a farewell from my beloved family am I undertaking the eternal journey. . . Your always remaining husband, father, and brother.—Alays."

Was that brave spirit beaten down and vanquished? Or was he—like the Master he followed—a conqueror over death?

And then there are the women. Arthur Gleason, who was a Red Cross worker at the front, wrote of what he saw: "This war," he declared, "has been a revelation of womanhood. To see one of these cool, friendly creatures, American and English, shove her motor car into shell-fire, make her rescue of helpless crippled men, and steam back to safety, is to watch a resourceful and disciplined being. . . They haven't the slightest fear of being killed. Give them a job under bombardment, and they unfold the stretcher, place the pillow and tuck in the blanket, without a quiver of apprehension. That, too, when some of the men are scampering for cover."

Those women were not afraid, because they were not thinking of themselves but of others. They wanted to help where help was desperately needed. Whether they realized the fact or not, they had caught the inspiration from One who did not want to be ministered unto but to minister, and who went about doing good.

One of these brave women—Mrs. Gleason—said: "We, all of us, would go for a Belgian first, and tend to a Belgian first. We would take one of our own by the roadside in preference, if there wa

of the soul, and the Lord of Life died to save the whole world—not only the "Allies", but the Germans and the Turks—He died to save us from that terrible foe which is able to destroy the soul.

Trusting in the Conqueror of death we can go forward untremblingly when our turn comes; and we can bravely and uncomplainingly stand aside when God's angel leads one we love through the thick curtain which hides from us the Holy of Holies. The curtain is black on this side, but the glory on the far side shines through.

"I think that Death has two sides to it. One shining side; as the round earth is, every day, half sunny and half dark. We, on the dark side, call this mystery 'Death'.

They, on the other, looking down on light
Wait the glad Birth, with other tears—
than ours."

DORA FARNCOMB.

The Beaver Circle

"Captain Gyp."

BY LOUELLA POOLE.

From over seas, where war's alarms
Strike terror to the souls of men,
This pleasant little story comes
Straight from a British soldier's pen—
A tale that serves to make us smile,
War's horrors to forget awhile.

Within the hospital's grim walls,
Whose doors are always open wide,
A little dog was seen to pass,
An ugly gash in his poor side—
Weak, faint, with suffering nearly spent,
Straight to the source of help he went.

Though dumb, his pleading eyes besought
The aid bestowed on suffering man,
And undenied, his wound well dressed,
Away the little fellow ran.
For several days he thus appealed
For help, until his hurt was healed.

Just as a bit of pleasantry,
The sergeant, quite in proper style,
Entered the case in his report
Of sick and hurt, to place on file:
The name he gave, with humor sly,
Was "Trooper Gyp, Eighth D. L. I."

"Admitted into hospital—
Shell wound in side," the entry read,
And homeless Gyp, with gratitude
That knew no bounds, was housed and
fed;

The freedom of the house and grounds
Was his upon his daily rounds.

"Which of you men is Trooper Gyp?"
The officer one day thus spoke:
From all the sick chaps sitting round,
No answer. To explain the joke
The sergeant came in haste just then;
And loud the laughter of the men.

"Doggy's Light Infantry!" Thus Gyp,
A well loved trooper of the same,
Took up his quarters with the guard;
So faithful, soon promotion came
To higher rank, and that is why
He's "Captain Gyp, Eighth D. L. I."

Old Mr. Toad Shows His Tongue.

Old Mr. Toad thinks his tongue the most satisfactory tongue in the world. In fact he is quite sure that without it he couldn't get along at all, and I don't know as he could. And yet very few of his neighbors know anything about that tongue and how different it is from most other tongues. Peter Rabbit didn't until Old Mr. Toad showed him after Peter had puzzled and puzzled over the mysterious way in which bugs and flies disappeared whenever they happened to come within two inches or less of Old Mr. Toad.

Peter would watch them and right while he was looking at them they would vanish. Yet so far as he could see Old Mr. Toad hadn't moved. But there was no doubt that those bugs and flies found a resting-place in Old Mr. Toad's stomach. Peter had only to look at the satisfied expression on Old Mr. Toad's face to be sure of that. Then by watching Old Mr. Toad very sharply Peter discovered that Old Mr. Toad just darted his tongue



The Greek Royal Family.

Front row—left to right: Prince Paul, Queen Sophie, ex-King Constantine, Princess Irene, Prince George.
Back row: Alexander (the new King of Greece), Princess Helene, Underwood & Underwood.

as if a young life had been cut off in its prime. Don't talk as if death had conquered that daring soul. You know he is not dead.

"Our God, to Thee sweet praises rise
From youthful lips in paradise;
From boys fair robed in spotless white,
And nourished in the courts of light."

I know they were not all saints—those soldier lads who have "passed on"—but I know also that they are very dear to Him who gathered young men around Him on earth. He was young, too, when He finished His earthly course, having fought a good fight. May we not safely trust those eager, reckless, undeveloped boys in His wise and tender keeping?

God grant that we may face death as bravely as most of our soldiers do, when our turn comes: "looking humbly for that fuller light which shall break upon us when the morning is come upon the unseen shore."

The Conqueror of death was a young man, and many young men have followed Him fearlessly. A young Belgian in Antwerp—knowing that the call had come for him—wrote to his wife and children a parting message of life, not death. This is part of his letter: "When you will have received this I shall have

room only for one. But if you brought in a German, wounded, he became an individual in need of help. There was a high pride in doing well by him. We would show them of what stuff the Allies were made. Clear of hate and bitterness, we had nothing but good-will for the gallant little German boys, who smiled at us from their cots in Farnes hospital. And who could be anything but kindly for the patient German fathers of middle age, who lay in pain and showed pictures of 'Frau' and the home country, where some of them would never return."

It was Christ who taught the world that wonderful truth that it is a beautiful and splendid thing to be kind to those who have been unkind to us. We are slow in learning the lesson—it is not easy to return good for evil—but at least we can see it is an ideal to climb towards. Anyone can be kind to friends, but a Christian has his orders to treat enemies as friends. Can we love our enemies? Christ loves them. Even the men who are degraded and cruel are His "lost sheep." He is seeking to restore in them His own image—to win them back to repentance and righteousness. Each human soul is a priceless treasure in the eyes of Him who died to save sinners. Dare we call any man "worthless", when our Master considers him of infinite value? The only death we need fear is the death